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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of a Summer Tour. VII.

DOWN THE NECKAR TO HEIDELBERG.—VIEW FROM THE KÖNIGSTUHL—STUDENTS' KNEIPES AND DUELS—OPERA OF DER FREYSCHÜTZ AT MUNICH—ROYAL BRONZE FOUNDRY—THE DANUBE—BEETHOVEN'S GRAVE.

I had been stopping a day at Ludwigsburg to examine the famous Organ establishment of the Messrs. Walker, some account of which I have given in a previous chapter.

Some ten or twelve miles, by the post road, down the valley of the lovely Neckar, will bring you to Heilbronn, from which point the stream is navigable for small craft. And let no summer rambler neglect this descent of the Neckar from Heilbronn. To traverse its entire length is not a long journey, and from its source amid the shadows of the Black Forest to where, below Heidelberg, it rushes into the joyous embrace of the Rhine, there is not a mile but is crowded with interest. Leaping upon the deck of the asthmatic little steamer that lies in waiting at Heilbronn, you are in a few moments buried in the depths of the forest. Farther down, the stream becomes narrower in its sinuous course, struggling now angrily with the hill-sides which encroach on its channel, now creeping through the silent meadows and among vineyards whose ripe grapes are reflected in its waters. Every crag and promontory here, as on the Rhine, is crowned with its castle. Midway in its course it skirts the base of a rugged mountain range.—Ruined fortifications run along the edge of its steep wooded banks. Here is seen the crumbling castle of Hornegg, in the olden time a stronghold of the Teutonic knights. Here, too, is the castle of Dauchstein and the red ruin of Minneburg. Yonder the towers of Hornberg are pictured

against the sky, once the residence of Götz of the Iron Hand. At intervals along the banks the peasantry may be seen, decked out in the peculiar costume of the country, vine-dressing,—and singing the while some fragment of a harvest song. At Heidelberg you come out suddenly upon the broad, warm level of the Rhine, which at this point is so remarkable, and, in its effect on the tourist, not unlike the sensation one feels as he descends the mountain road of the Simplon into the summer fields of Italy.

Heidelberg lies stretched out a mile or more along the banks of the Neckar, under the shadow of the mountains, and, with its ancient castle and dilapidated public and private architecture and the lazy aspect of its one interminable street, reminds you of an old stager who has passed through the battle and turmoil of life, and is now resting in pensioned retirement till its close. It has the air of a city that, long ages ago, in the midst of a sturdy life, became suddenly paralyzed. And well, indeed, it may, for does not History inform us it was "five times bombarded, twice laid in ashes and thrice taken by assault and delivered over to pillage"? I took lodgings at the Prince Charles Hotel in the market place, close under the walls of the castle. Just opposite rises the steeple of the great church, which, in times past, has been witness to so many scenes of slaughter and sacrilege. Late in the night, as I lay awake in my chamber, I could hear the organ wailing forth its melancholy music.

Toiling up to the castle one evening, I encountered, among the trees in the garden, some half dozen young men wearing the garb and the aspect of students, smoking diligently, withal, and singing songs and drinking lager beer. It chanced they were recent graduates of our own Harvard University, who had come to spend a year in Heidelberg by way of finish of their collegiate course. They told me they *kneiped* with the Prussians, which was equivalent to saying they were at feud with all others.

This system of *Kneipes* is carried out to its fullest extent in Heidelberg. The students from each state or section of the country clan together and fraternize, after a manner peculiar to themselves. Under the auspices of my courier Joseph, who had himself been a student at Bonn, I visited several of these clubs. The routine of the performances is much the same in them all. It appeared mainly to consist of smoking and beer-drinking, and the singing of rollicking songs. There is, in truth, but little of music in these songs of the German students. Some one, at random, takes up the burden of a tune, and all hands roar out the chorus, in unison, with harsh unsympathetic voices, thoroughly out of tune.

By "particular request", of Joseph, I was favored with the celebrated Fox song, in which all joined and made up in lively gesticulation and stentorian shouts what was wanting in harmony. One marvels at the quantity of beer which vanishes in these sessions. Six or eight quarts to a man is no inordinate allowance. Here most of the duels originate. Harmless beer-duels the majority of them are, to be sure, but not unfrequently a savage challenge is given that must be fought out with swords. Several of these last I took occasion to witness, as representing, no less than the Kneipe, one of the peculiar institutions of the German Universities. They are fought in a hall fitted up for the purpose, on the opposite bank of the river, out of the jurisdiction of the Heidelberg authorities. With a show of mystery I was conducted to this apartment, at an early hour in the morning. On arriving at the place, my first greeting was the noise of the grinding of swords, in the court yard connected with the establishment. There was, at least, a semblance of reality about this. The hall is grimly decorated around its walls with broadswords, foils, masks and all the accoutrements of its special vocation. Much ceremony is observed in the details of the duel. Each combatant has two seconds, the duty of one of whom is to support the sword arm of his principal in the intervals of rest, and administer comfort and encouragement to his flagging spirit,—the other to defend him from some uncommonly sturdy thwack or illegal thrust of his adversary. A quarter of an hour is allowed to each pair of combatants, unless, in the meantime, one of the parties has, in the opinion of the officiating surgeon, received a sufficiently severe cut to justify the cessation of hostilities. The assailants, as also their seconds, are carefully protected at every point except the face and upper part of the chest. Against these exposed parts blows, of a prescribed form and nature, are aimed. An umpire is chosen to see fair play on both sides. I have said the theatre of these broils is in a remote and retired position. Every precaution is taken to prevent a surprise, nevertheless. Half a dozen or more sentinels are posted along the route leading to the hall. This is a permanent and standing force, and consists of a score of superannuated old women, who are detailed for duty, by squads, armed each with a red cotton umbrella, which is spread at the slightest indication of alarm. The signal given is speedily transmitted to the centre of the field of operations, and there is divesting and the removing, in hot haste, of all the forbidden paraphernalia of conflict. Three duels were "tallied off" on the morning I was present, resulting in the semi-amputation of a nose, and an ugly gash in the

cheek of one of the combatants, from the blows of a vigorous adversary. Judging from my limited observations, these young Hotspurs are proud of their wounds received. I saw half a dozen of them at the railway station next morning, exhibiting, with some parade, their patched and sutured faces to the passing train.

One should not bid adieu to Heidelberg till he has climbed the steep Königstuhl, behind the town, and watched the sunset from its summit. This point of view, for grand and picturesque scenery, is unsurpassed. The silver Neckar is at your feet. Westward, extending beyond the reach of the eye, are broad and fertile plains clothed with verdure and fields of waving grain. Far away to the South is the ridge of the Black Forest, and nearer the dark valleys of the Odenwald and the summits of the Hartz mountains appear. In the distant valley gleams the Rhine, like a river of gold. The summer sun softens all and lends to the landscape a dreamy beauty.

At Munich I heard the music of *Der Freyschütz* with an orchestra of sixty instruments, led by Lachner. The opera was well represented in all its parts, although no rôle was prominent. Throughout the masterly instrumentation was given with accuracy and *verve*, and with such effect as to make one more than ever regret the reigning fashion, that would substitute the labors of Donizetti and Verdi for legitimate harmony. I doubt if this work is ever faithfully rendered out of Germany. Its goblin tale just suits the German fancy; and it is entered into with a zest that we constantly miss elsewhere. What particularly struck me was the intelligence displayed by all of the spirit and meaning of the music. The understanding between the conductor and his band was perfect. The movement of the orchestra was as that of a single instrument. Nor did this apparent unanimity and good feeling cease here. It pervaded the players and singers of every grade, as well. The first few bars satisfied me on this point; and I gave myself up unreservedly to the enjoyment of the music. And never was the beautiful overture more enjoyable. In the quartet of horns at the introduction, the tones, so rich and *woody* always, seemed now like the coloring of our autumnal forests.—As the composition went on to where the theme, after being wooed in turn by the several classes of instruments, is taken up *con amore* by all, what fellowship and fraternization of sounds were there! The audience were roused to an electric excitement, which was evinced by a universal shout of applause at the close. I can not say so much for the vocalization of that evening, but all faults of voice and of method were atoned for by the sensible attention of every one to his part, and the equable effect of all. There was no levity or indifference, or affected virtuosity and straining for a point, which, oftentimes, so mars our best operatic performances at home. The decorations and mechanism of the play were, of course, admirable, though partaking, towards the end of the piece, rather more of the *infernal* than is wholly congenial to our notions of taste.—In reviewing the performance, after its close, I hardly knew why it had pleased me so much. I could carry away no recollections of brilliant or striking points. I was told it was rather below the ordinary standard of the place. But it has impressed me ever since like the memory of a pleasant dream.

Next to the Opera and the Galleries of Art, with which Munich abounds, I was most eager to visit the celebrated Bronze Foundry, now under the direction of Herr Frederic Müller, the nephew of the founder of the establishment. It was here that the stupendous statue of Bavaria (sixty-one feet in height) was successfully cast. At the time of my visit the colossal statues of Jefferson and Patrick Henry, by Crawford, were being cast, fragments of which were lying about, at random, like the parts of a dissected giant. The order for the celebrated statue of Beethoven, by Crawford,—destined (by the munificence of Mr. CHARLES C. PERKINS) for the Boston Music Hall—had also just been received. All the details of the interesting process of casting in bronze, were pointed out and explained by the gentlemanly conductor of the establishment.

From Munich our route lay through an interesting country to Ratisbon, where we came upon the banks of the Danube—the “Rio Divino” of the Italian poet. It has become fashionable, of late, to compare the Danube with the Rhine, much to the detraction of the latter stream. I question, however, whether novelty is not the one feature in which the Austrian river will stand in the comparison. For the much-travelled Rhine familiarity may, in the minds of some, have bred a contempt; but to one who looks on them both with the freshness of a first acquaintance, the “Valley of Sweet Waters” must still carry off the palm. To me the Rhine-voyage is like the reading of a mellow romance of the olden time. The Danube, on the other hand, is the Carlyle of Rivers; all breaks and dashes, and abounding in rocks and whirlpools and rugged mountain defiles, which continually take your attention by storm and weary you by their constant repetition.—Grim old castles frown upon you from every crag and headland. The rapid rushing stream hurries you on at a fearful rate, giving no time for enjoyment. Grandeur—sublimity even, is its prominent characteristic, but it is a monotonous grandeur, unvaried, wild and dark. The features, most civilized in appearance and humanizing in their influence, upon its banks, are the convents or palace monasteries of the Benedictine monks, seen nowhere else in such beauty and perfection. I would fain have climbed up to them to taste the quality of the grand old organs, which are to be found, in rare excellence, in those secluded retreats.

At Vienna I made haste to inquire for the tomb of Beethoven. It was with feelings of surprise, but more of regret, that I learned neither my *commissionaire*, nor the driver of the *fiacre*, could tell in which of the three or four cemeteries, outside of the walls of the city, the remains of the great composer lay buried. Taking it at a venture, we drove at first to the wrong place, as a matter of course, where we learned that the object of our search was at Währing, a little village at the opposite side of the town. “To Währing let us go,” said I, in a mood ill befitting, I fear, the nature of my pilgrimage. The faces of both Jehu and the guide expressed, more plainly than words, their estimation of the folly of such an errand in the abstract, and at this time in particular, for it was now raining heavily and we had still some miles to compass. At the gate of the little cemetery in Währing sat a pleasant old lady, in a sort of porter’s lodge, reading. By her directions I soon found out the consecrated spot, where

I stood, I know not how long, uncovered beneath the dripping acacia trees which embower the tomb. A crowd of fancies rushed into my mind. Beneath the stone at my feet was all that remains of the great Beethoven. But a few weeks previously, I had visited the house in which he was born, in an obscure street at Bonn. Here, in equal obscurity, he rests in his last sleep. And what a life was his! From his cradle to his grave, how eventful: to the appreciation of many, how dark and unintelligible! The tomb itself, (grave it is rather) is utterly without pretension—too much so, I could not help feeling. A slab of light colored stone, without inscription, overlies the spot. There may be, and doubtless there is, a sarcophagus beneath, but it does not so appear. Placed against the wall opposite, is an obelisk or entablature of white marble, having a gilded lyre and a chrysalis for its only device. On the plane surface beneath, is this simple record:

BEEHOVEN.

There is in all this an exalted simplicity, it is true. But is it, in its plan of construction, sufficiently dignified and enduring, or in its design in keeping with the stern character of the man,—or is it altogether a worthy tribute of the proud city which is in possession of Beethoven’s grave.

I have been accustomed to regret that the ashes of the great composer were not claimed by his native city. But, after all, there is a certain fitness that, in this respect, it should be as it is. It may more accord with the last years of his sorrowful life and its gloomy close, that he should lie buried near the home of his adoption, by the dark, rushing Danube, rather than in the pleasant city of his birth, on the banks of the joyous Rhine. Much musing on these things, I was becoming oblivious of time and place, when I was roused by an interjection of wrathful impatience from the guide, following whom unresistingly I entered the carriage, and was soon rolling through the streets of Vienna to my hotel.

For Dwight’s Journal of Music.

An Evening in the Hartz.

FROM THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF MR. BROWN.

[Clearly a Fantasy Piece.]

Among the persons whom I met while making the usual foot journey through the Hartz, was a gentleman who joined our party, after leaving Blankenburg on our way through the valley of the Bode, and the villages Elend and Schirke, to the Brocken. On such journeys we easily make acquaintances, sympathy in tastes and in the objects of our travel leading to great freedom of intercourse, and making, at least for the time being, strangers quite intimate companions. I was sitting under the piazza of the little house for refreshment upon the top of the Ziegenkopf, a lofty height back of Blankenburg, looking down upon the remains of the old robber den of Reinsteins, and the beautiful open country spreading away far as vision could reach. Giving loose rein to the imagination, I was endeavoring to draw a picture of the time, when the people of Quedlinburg, no longer able to bear the insolence of the Lord of Reinsteins, came together, traders and mechanics as they were—and, donning the array of war, stormed the robber chief in his lofty den on that huge mass of sandstone and actually prevailed—right for once overcoming might. This was in 1336. The rascal was shut up in the large oaken cage, which you may still see in the town hall of Quedlinburg, and kept there nearly two years, till he purchased his freedom for 3000 thalers,—a large sum then.

It was there that the stranger joined me, and together we drew many a fantastic picture of those old times. In the course of the conversations we had during the two or three days which we employed in following the path of Faust to the Brocken, he learned that I was an American, and informed me that he had known several of my countrymen, and indeed esteemed them very highly. His acquaintance I marked, was confined mostly to our authors, though one or two painters and sculptors were not wholly unknown to him. He spoke of the author of "Arthur Mervyn," of Irving, and Cooper, of the author of "Evangeline," and especially of Hawthorne, whom he gave the highest place in the rank of our imaginative writers. Drake, author of the "Culprit Fay," he had well known, and he mentioned several American authors who had done him the honor to seek his acquaintance, but with whom he could form no intimacy. I was not a little surprised to hear him speak of men who seem to me to have lived a whole age since—such as Joel Barlow of the "Columbiad" and Dwight, who tried so hard to make an Epic of the Conquest of Canaan. He expressed no great friendship for these gentlemen, though he did them all due justice, the one as a diplomat, the other as the head of a learned institution. I must confess that I felt a little suspicious that all was not right with him, gentlemanly as he seemed, and at length ventured to ask him who he was. He smiled, and replied, as he gave me his card, "I think I am not unknown to you by reputation, though you do not recognize my person. Your remarkable countryman, Hawthorne, has done me the honor to immortalize me in one of his sketches."

His card was this:

The Man of Fancy.

It must be confessed that a more agreeable companion for a journey through the scenes of so much poetry and legend as the Hartz, could not be found, and during my intercourse with him my imagination was kept upon the stretch. We parted at the Brocken, where he had proved an invaluable acquaintance, pointing out demons and witches and all sorts of fantastic creations in the clouds, among the boulders and granite blocks about the Brocken house, in the valleys below, and in the woods of the neighboring lesser heights. My course from the celebrated scene of the Walpurgis night orgies was to the unromantic region of the mines, Goslar, Clausthal, and that section of the country; but some days later, on reaching Ilseburg, at the opening of the romantic and legendary valley of the Ilse, I found a note left for me inviting me to be present at a meeting, where I should see many celebrated characters—a meeting in which he had a part to perform, and to which he would willingly take me, if I would call for him at such an inn on such an evening.

One of the pleasant routes for a day's ramble in the Hartz is from Ilseburg over the mountains to Harzburg, a way not much travelled, since most pleasure-seekers go from the Brocken down through the valley of the Ilse, and thence by way of the fine post-road to the above-named place. Fortunately I reached Ilseburg at the right time, and after rest and refreshment I called upon The Man of Fancy. It was a warm August evening, but the heat was tempered by a cool breeze from the Brocken, while the lustre of the full moon lent magic to the evening view of the little town, which lies wedged in among the low, forest-covered mountains, to borrow a figure from Longfellow, as in the mouth of a trumpet.

"Will you give this night to me?" asked the Man of Fancy.

"Willingly."

"Then we will at once start for the place of meeting, and on the way I can explain what you need to know."

I can never forget that walk! All that I had ever read of the Hartz seemed to become real as history. The bright moonbeams piercing the forest, and lying here and there upon our road in broad patches of white light; the lofty tower-like cliffs of the Ilsestein with its iron cross, whence the witches in Faust came to the Brocken, illumined against the dark background of firs; the Ilse rushing merrily down its rocky bed, and telling queer tales of the doings up on the mountains, to all such as understand the language of running waters; the mysterious mountains themselves, in their dark robes—almost funeral in the night; the mills with their silent wheels, which stand along the little river after you leave the town; and finally the solemn silence which brooded over all as we wended our way up the valley—all these things are a living picture to me yet. By and by we turned away from the valley of the Ilse and followed the little brook, which comes brawling down from the Scharfenstein, and which led us into the dense woods and to the top of a high ridge. Here we emerged into a broad open space, which the charcoal burners, those real as well as legendary characters of the Hartz, had laid bare of its leafy dress.

A valley falls away to the right—deep, and in the moonlight, obscure; but we avoided this, following the track of the coal waggons to the forest, which crowned the next ridge, through whose glades we passed and descended into the valley of the Ecker.

Those who go this route by day to Harzburg, or come up from that place to drink milk at the Wollen house, a mile beyond, and thence make the little excursion hither, see indeed a most lovely nook in the mountains, which a thick overshadowing wood, and a broad singing brook tumbling over the rocks in mimic cataracts, render a delicious spot for rest, after the heat of the walk. Still it is but a recess in the mountains; the very place for the melancholy Jacques to lie by the water and ruminate upon the sorrows of the wounded stag; all apart and separate from the great world without.

But I have not yet stated the object of our walk as explained by The Man of Fancy.

We were speaking of literature and literary men, especially of imaginative writers, when we emerged from the forest into the open space above mentioned. Above us, high up the slope, in the edge of the woods the fires of the charcoal burners were gleaming, and the wreaths of smoke sailed slowly away, half illumined by the moon, like the spectres of Ossian.

"Did we not know by experience," said my companion, "how light and fragile are those smoke wreaths, the eye could certainly never distinguish them from solid and tangible bodies, as they glide away from us into the recesses of the woods. And indeed, did we not know that the brilliant clouds piled up behind the mountains of a summer afternoon are but masses of mist and fog glorified by the sun's transforming touch, how could the eye learn to distinguish them from the snow-crowned peaks of the Alps, glowing or blushing in their eternal solitudes, as the day-god pours his midday splendor upon them, or just kisses them by way of morning greeting or evening good night? One is just as real to the eye, is as much a feature in the landscape, as the other. So in that world which is opened to us in books. History gives us scenes, incidents, characters in ponderous tones, and we exhaust all the resources of the intellect and imagination in our efforts to feel them as real and tangible existences. Yet scenes, incidents, characters, which are created and illumined by genius, like mist wreaths by the sun,—which are offspring of the fancy alone,—have in our memories and hearts, and that too without effort of ours, as distinct a recognition, and a place as clearly defined.

"Is Henry the Fourth a more real character to you, Brown, than Falstaff? Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach, more real than Don Quixote? Dr. Johnson than the Vicar of

Wakefield? Alexander Selkirk, chasing goats on an island in the Pacific, than Crusoe talking with his parrot on one of the Southern West India islands 'over against the mouth of the great river Orinoco?'

I could not deny this.

"Such creations, when once genius has breathed into them the breath of life, are immortal—certainly undying so long as letters remain and human nature is unchanged. The realms of the imagination are peopled with them, their maxims are quoted in everyday life and their wisdom becomes a part of the common stock of our knowledge. They form a Republic free to all nations, and tongues, and confessions,—a republic, however, to which not every pretender can be admitted, and now-a-days the enormous increase of candidates for admission has forced upon them the necessity of caution in receiving new members to the privilege of their immortality. And this brings us to the object before us. At proper intervals, after the lapse of some half a century, or thereabouts, a proclamation goes forth for all, who have sought the distinctions of genius, to bring the offspring of their imaginations and present them for admission into the Society of the Immortals. On these occasions a sort of mass meeting of the citizens of the republic is held, a tribunal is erected, and such as pass the examination of Truth and Nature are admitted to all the rights and privileges of the community. The best you will soon see for yourself, for we are drawing near the place of our meeting."

We passed rapidly down the winding way, which led abruptly through the forest into the Ecker valley. At the base of the steep descent an impenetrable veil of gloom, like a curtain, shut us out from the mountain nook, the scene of the coming ceremonies. At a touch from the Man of Fancy, the veil opened, and the most enchanting sight met my astonished vision. Whole armies of the subjects of Oberon and Titania, with Ariel, the Genies of Eastern romance, and the Elves of Tieck, had been employed in preparing for the meeting. The Ecker, as it flowed over its rocky barriers, was hardly recognizable as the stream I had formerly seen by day, so transparent were its waters, so bright and sparkling, and so lovingly kissing mossy banks, adorned with all the flowers and sweet-scented herbs of fairy land. The valley was spread out with a delicate carpet of soft grass, from which all disagreeable intruders, spotted snakes, thorny hedgehogs, newts and blindworms and the like, had been excluded by the Fairies as from the bowers of Titania in "Midsummer Night's Dream." The trees seemed grander and more stately. The roughnesses of the soil had become thymy banks of earth and seats of moss and turf; the shrubs and tangling briars were now bowers of roses and eglantine, or formed canopies for such as would repose upon beds of roses—canopies of all that is beautiful or fragrant. The moonbeams as they penetrated the recesses of the valley were changed, so that over the whole space, that delicious light which illumines the lands of the imagination, soft, mellow, golden, roseate, rendered every object distinct to the vision as in the bright beams of mid-day.

These things I noted at a glance, for my attention was immediately absorbed by the multitude there assembled, and by a beautiful temple—a sort of Walhalla, upon a gentle rise of ground in the centre of the valley. In this edifice, a temporary structure for the occasion, were many statues of such men of lofty genius as have peopled the realms of the imagination with living and enduring inhabitants. I saw there the thin face of Cervantes, the oriental features of the Author of the "Arabian Nights," the serene features of Dante, Goethe and Schiller, Ben Johnson, Lope, Moliere, and the like. Honest tinker Bunyan had his place, Goldsmith, Mackenzie, and even Macpherson theirs. Macpherson for, think as we will of his poetic powers—in some moment of the inspiration of genius he added to the creations of fancy. I saw

also with some surprise the delicate features of the little man, Mozart. I cast a look of inquiry upon the Man of Fancy. He understood my doubt, and remarked in substance, that though Da Ponte, or Beaumarchais, or whoever he was, who first gave the world the heroes whom Mozart now claims, had long been forgotten, had he not given them life and being? But the high place in the temple was filled by the statue of him, who so surpassed all that have lived and wrought in the lands of fancy, as to have no second. Above all, crowned with ever-living laurel, peerless in dignity and calm majesty of visage, with brow serene, the very throne of intellect, stood SHAKESPEARE. The great men of Greece and Rome of all antiquity, like those of modern ages, stood below him—the greatest creative genius that has done honor to mankind. Of all the creatures of the imagination here in such numbers collected, no one could claim so many as his children as the immortal Englishman. There stood Prospero with his magic wand and garment, and by his side the sweet innocence of Miranda. In a little group by themselves were the noble Merchant of Venice and his friend, Portia, and Nerissa, Lorenzo and his Jessica. Shylock stood a little apart and eyed them evilly askance. Sir Toby Belch had taken Falstaff aside, and was challenging him in a glass of something better than a good sherris sack with its twofold virtue. In every quarter I saw the children of Shakespeare.

There were many present whom I did not know, but needed not the assistance of the Man of Fancy to recognize Parson Primrose, as he conversed upon his favorite topic with his clerical brother Parson Adams. Hardly any group afforded me more satisfaction than one which occupied an arbor a little aside, consisting of Uncle Toby, who was busy explaining some operations in modern warfare to Don Quixote, who listened with evident wonder, while Dr. Slop slept in a corner. Sir Roger de Coverly was attentively listening, but I cannot say that he exhibited much interest in the topic, his eyes often wandering to a group of servants outside, among whom I recognized Corporal Trim and Sancho Panza.

The Man of Fancy directed my attention to a gentleman in a Spanish dress, rich and splendid in the extreme. This gentleman was distinguished by a beauty and nobility of mien almost above those of earth. All that one can conceive of fascination of manner and elegance of address was his. He was formed by nature to be the joy and delight of woman, and had his moral nature equalled his intellectual and physical in its perfection, the most perfect of the daughters of Eve had not been above him in worth. I needed not to be told his name. Don Juan stood before me. I knew Sinbad and Robinson Crusoe telling tales of the sea to each other. Gil Blas was recounting his visit to the archbishop to some merry Frenchmen—and so on every side I met forms and faces, the sight of which recalled in an instant and renewed the delight of years.

[To be continued.]

Weber's "Derniere Pensee."

[From the Niederriehische Musik-Zeitung.]

The waltz known under the title of "*Dernière Pensée* de C. M. Weber," was composed by me at Vienna in 1822 (it may have been as early as 1821), and, having come into the possession, in the same year, of the firm of C. F. Peters, music-publishers at Leipsic, was, with my first trio (Op. 25) in 1824, (or at the end of 1823), printed in the collection "*Valses brillantes en As*," Op. 26. It is to be found in this collection of twelve waltzes in A flat. Some of these "*Valses brillantes*" created a sensation at the time, and I often played them at Leipsic in 1823. When Weber produced my Italian opera, *Dido*, in 1824, I was most hospitably received by him at his residence in Dresden, and I remember with pleasure that the great master sang me some very comic songs,

and that I was called upon in the small family circle (composed only of his dear wife, Madame Caroline), to give some trifles, and among others, the waltz in question, in my turn. The waltz pleased Weber so much that I was obliged to repeat it several times. He even observed to his wife that words might be adapted to it, and sung himself the commencement thus:

"Net wahr? Du bist mein Schatzerl?"

Subsequently to this, Weber, as I afterwards heard from his wife, frequently played the waltz, to which he was very partial. It is possible that he performed it also in Paris, during his stay there in 1826, on his road to London. The rest is an affair of the music-publishers. To sum up the matter in a few words, there was in Paris a musician who wrote down the waltz, after having heard it played by Weber, and thus it appeared after his unfortunate death in London as his "*Derniere Pensée*." There is one point which is unintelligible to me, and that is how my old friend Pixis, who often heard the waltz played by me in Paris in 1824, could publish variations on it, and thus confirm the erroneous notion prevalent in France. I never attached any value to the trifle, and believe that, but for Weber's authority, it would never have created any sensation.

You have now a circumstantial statement of the whole matter. It was not until 1830, or later, that the firm of C. F. Peters in Leipsic gave a very short explanation, indeed, of it. Hereupon, a musical dilettante, M. Parmentier, (the same who afterwards translated into French and brought into notice several of my songs), wrote to me from Paris, and begged for a confirmation of the reports connected with the waltz. It was thus the details of the whole affair and my letter were published in the French papers.

C. G. REISSIGER.

Diary Abroad.—No. 20.

BERLIN, Sept. 5.—The man, who has undoubtedly a greater knowledge of Bach's works, than any other living, is Prof. DEHN, Musical Librarian at the Royal Library here. And this, first, because he is a Bachist from taste, and a most profound harmonist, and secondly, because he has charge of the largest existing collection of Bach's works, manuscript and printed, that exists, and it is a constant aim with him to render it complete. More than 1200 dollars worth of such works have just been added to the Bach collection, (works of Bach and his sons) from the Library of the Sing Akademie. Will it be believed that of the vocal writers of this century, he admires most highly—ROSSINI? This is so. And one day, when the conversation at the Library turned upon vocal music, I had the delight of listening to quite a lecture to some of his pupils who were there, upon the genius and extraordinary beauty of many favorite passages from the works of that fertile composer.

I say delight, for of all operatic music, which I have heard, Rossini is one of the four authors whose works have afforded the world unalloyed delight. There is a garden in the next street where I have been in the habit of going this summer, to hear light music, pot pourris, polkas, overtures and the like. The brilliancy, freshness and melodic beauty of anything which happens to come up on these occasions from Rossini, in comparison with extracts with other popular composers, is surprising. Hardly less notable is the difference in his works—those before and those after, his residence in Vienna—in the employment and development of the rich ideas which his native genius gave him so lavishly.

His feelings of respect towards the great Germans, has been shown in various ways. Prof. Dehn says that some ten years since he called upon him in Florence, and in the course of conversation asked him which of his works he himself prized most highly? The veteran counted off a number by their titles upon his fingers, and said smilingly, "*Don Giovanni*, by MOZART!" He seems during his stay in Vienna—and during that time I find upon examination, that he had opportunity to hear very many of the works which we call classic, from MOZART, BEETHOVEN, CHERUBINI, HAYDN, VON WEBER—to have been a diligent and attentive hearer of the German music.

In the Beethoven conversation books the talk often turns upon him, and Johann van BEETHOVEN, in one in-

stance in particular, mentions Rossini's desire to pay the great master his respects. Schindler says that Beethoven, however, would never receive him, and adds, "I wish he had not acted thus." So do we all. Still we know that the great German, though he could hear none of the great Italian's music, and saw only two representations of one of his operas, felt and acknowledged his genius—the acknowledgement being rather in his own peculiar style—"Rossini would have been a great composer if his master had whipped him enough."

"Tell" is announced as on the operatic programme this winter here, and I look forward with no small delight, to making acquaintance with another of the great works of his later period, produced as it should be, with no little curiosity, because, just as one feels the influence of Haydn and Mozart upon each other in symphony, and the influence of them both in Beethoven's first—(possibly the second also) so the more I hear Mozart the more clearly do I feel his influence upon Rossini. The other day at the "*Requiem*" how many things reminded me Rossini's "*Stabat Mater*;" and each repetition of "*Figaro*" or "*Don Juan*," brings up vague recollections of "*Moses in Egypt*" and "*the Barber of Seville*." Had CHERUBINI had Rossini's brilliant genius or Rossini Cherubini's immense science, why may we not have had another Mozart? There is nothing at all surprising in the fact, that Mozart's works should not give as much pleasure as "*The Barber*," or "*The Daughter of the Regiment*," when so given that one has neither the author's orchestral, choral, nor scenic effects, and the work is so cut down as to render the plot—the hanging together (*Zusammenhang*)—unintelligible. This by the way.

Those who are familiar with Cherubini's operas say they feel the influence of these works upon Beethoven in his *Fidelio*, and I believe Cherubini himself admitted his indebtedness to Mozart. I know only his "*Les deux journees*" or "*Watercarrier*." This is exquisite, and one can easily conceive the impression such music would make upon the young Beethoven. It seems then the most natural thing in the world that one, who had at a very early age thrown study to the dogs, and knew that a brilliant melody or concerted piece would make all good again with an audience angry with him for serving up some piece of patchwork written in a fortnight, should have been most powerfully acted upon by the masterly instrumental music, which a Vienna residence in 1822-3 afforded him opportunity to hear.

To such as go to hear music because it amuses them alone, to such as go only to hear a beautiful song sung by some beautiful or celebrated singer, the really best music of Rossini must be of no more account than much of his poorest—and the works of his youth—setting aside all question of opera as mere drama—must be of equal excellence with the works of his manhood. Many of the most popular operas are to all intents and purposes just as good with a piano-forte to set the pitch and keep the singers right, as with an orchestra, for they are written with only the voice on the stage in view, the instrumentation being—sound, empty sound. Rossini's masterpieces are of a different order. There is nothing in them, though, of Beethoven's grandeur and majesty of conception in the expression of the deepest of emotions, for the very good reason, that Rossini had no such emotions. His path through life has been a flowery one, and he could not express what he never felt. There is no such religious feeling in his "*Moses*" music, or his *Stabat Mater*, as we find in Handel's "*Israel in Egypt*," or in Mozart's *Requiem*, for the good reason, that Handel had true deep German religious feeling of the old Lutheran order, and Mozart of the Catholic, while Rossini is thorough Italian in this respect. Now, let no admirer of Rossini cry before he is hurt—for what I say of his want of power to express dark depths of emotion, like Mozart and Beethoven, is equally true of Haydn, for as said above, one cannot express what he cannot feel. Haydn's childlike joy and happiness is always seen in his music; Rossini's brilliancy, wit, humor, cheerfulness, free and easy disposition, and high animal spirits, ever shine out in his music, as, formerly at least, in his daily walk and conversation. I believe both he and CHARLES DICKENS would have been much greater men had they both been carefully and thoroughly trained. Yet I hear the music of the one with the extreme delight with which I read the works of the other. Dickens is not SHAKESPEARE, though!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 6, 1855.

NEW VOLUME.—With our present number we commence the EIGHTH half-yearly VOLUME of our Journal of Music. The opening at the same time of the Musical Season of 1855-6 makes it a good time for new subscribers to commence. We trust our friends who have kept us company so far, will use a little effort to increase the company, and send us in the names of not a few new readers.

Orchestral Concerts.

The movement, of which we have once or twice hinted, is at length fairly on its feet before the public. It starts with many excellent omens of success. It is too true that we have lost BERGMANN, who, in spite of previously announced intentions and of an engagement to conduct the concerts of our Mendelssohn Choral Society, has been prevailed upon to become conductor of the Philharmonic and other concerts in the city of New York. This robs Boston of his presence during the coming season. But this was no reason for despair, as those who have taken the matter of orchestral concerts here in hand, have practically shown to be their opinion in this day's announcement. We have an excellent conductor in Mr. CARL ZERRAHL, whose exercise of that function in the concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Orchestral Union, last year, won him extensive and deserved favor.

The concerts will be commenced with every possible guaranty that they will go on and that all that is or shall be promised will be fulfilled to the letter. The names of the Managing Committee (and there are more as good who stand behind them) should satisfy all doubt of that. The orchestra will embrace all the best instrumental talent in Boston, to the number of at least fifty, who, as well as the conductor, will have every motive to do their best and work together in a true artistic spirit. The musicians are to risk nothing in a pecuniary way. They are to be secured their ordinary pay for every concert, and any profits that may at length result from a successful season are to be divided among them. Of course their interest and duty will be one.

It is to be hoped and trusted that the music-loving public also will see its interest and duty to be one toward this enterprise. For the cause of good music, that the glorious evenings of Symphony and Overture and Song, which have been hitherto the winter's joy and pride of Boston, may not fail; for the sake of remembering Beethoven and Mozart, and of encouraging our resident musicians to keep up their tone as artists by allowing them to serve us in an occupation so inspiring to themselves; for the sake of giving the rising generation as good chances as we had of knowing what the really great music is, before a false and frivolous taste shall get possession of them, as it always does where better models stand not in the way; as well as for the sake of our own musical gratification, it becomes us to sustain these concerts. It is hoped that they will be made really and widely attractive, without catering to any low standards, and without being pedantically severe. There will be some of the grand old Symphonies, by a more efficient band than we have yet known, save exceptionally. There will be the best overtures, perhaps concertos; there will be singers who are artists and who will sing good music, both solo

and in quartet or chorus; and there will not be wanting bright bits of a light and graceful character by way of contrast and relief. There will be the attraction of that noble Hall, and possibly of a Beethoven and a Mozart birth-day celebration. The price of tickets, it will be seen, is low, two or three times lower than those of the Philharmonic Concerts in New York, which last year crowded Niblo's theatre from floor to ceiling.

Let all true music-lovers, then, take hold and swell the subscription lists so fast, that we may see our way not only for six, but even eight or more delightful concerts. On the public of course any solid ultimate success depends, whatever other security a concert enterprise may rest upon. Make this succeed and it may ripen into a permanent institution, the elements of which shall not have to be sought for every year anew with much pains and uncertainty.

Voice Teaching in Italy—Italian Song and German Music—Jenny Lind.

It has been considered a matter of course that every young American aspirant to the profession of a vocal artist should go to Italy. The venerable "traditions" of Italian song are allowed to outweigh and put out of sight all other artistic considerations. The career (as scholar and as *debutante*) in Italy, the "land of song"—that is the thing! and that means practically the renouncing of all other kinds of music and living altogether in the practice, in the hearing and the atmosphere of the popular Italian opera of to-day. In a word it means now, more than any thing, entering the new school of VERDI, and in the end (which cometh quickly) wearing oneself out, voice and artistic conscience, in his service. We intimated in our last, in welcoming a young townsman back from the schools of Germany, where good music is thought something of, as well as singing and as what is called *effect*, that, because there was once a true school of song in Italy, because the one only genuine vocal school is the Italian, it by no means follows that the truest school is found there now. And really it affects us with a certain sadness, when our young singers come back "finished artists" from that Italy, to think that all that precious time and talent has been spent in simply acquiring a power to enact a few hacknied rôles in a very limited, monotonous and hacknied round of the most modern Italian operas. Acquaintance with good music, with the Shakespeares and Miltons of the Art, they have forgotten to esteem of consequence, and it is well known that to be a popular Italian *prima donna* or *tenore* it is not thought at all indispensable to be in any deep sense a musician.

We need not stop to qualify, to renew our expressions of indebtedness to Italian Art and artists. It is impossible to say every thing, and from all sides of such a subject, at once. Look for the offsets to any seeming exclusiveness in the above statements to all our articles in times past, in which we have not disguised our sincere admiration of the BOSIOS, the GRISIS, the RADIALIS, and so many more. Our purpose now is to point out the evil of the Italian one-sidedness, exclusiveness, and to complain, as we justly may, that our occasions for hearing the greatest kinds of music, our oratorios and classical concerts, suffer from the fact that our best-trained singers, those who go abroad to study, are at once monopolized by the

Italian opera, become nothing but so many more Lucias and Edgardos, and lend no loyal voice to the interpretation of much higher and more satisfying, more enduring, if less fashionable kinds of music. We now wish to adduce two valuable testimonies. The first we find in the last number of the *Musical Review*, which translates from a German paper extracts from a private letter of MARIE WIECK, sister of the celebrated CLARA SCHUMANN, who like her sister is already an admirable pianist, and has been spending some time in Italy developing her voice. She writes from Milan:

It is surprising how many young songstresses, and often those who possess excellent voices and highly cultivated musical talents, are assembled in Milan, to pursue their studies under the tuition of Professor LAMPERTI, (one of the seven singing-masters of the Conservatoire, and agent for the Opera,) with the view of preparing themselves for the theatre, and through his influence to obtain engagements in Italy. Of course, however, to sing elegantly according to the old style, with a correct formation of the tone and voice, is now out of the question. The sole object seems to be sharp, pointed, passionate, and vehement declamation; which, to produce the most thrilling and charming effect, must be sung with a full voice, and, above all, with the most powerful muscular efforts, with wide open mouth and swelling breast, and all this at the cost of the delicate throats of the females, and at total variance with all rules of art. The natural blending of the head-voice with the register; the equality and beauty of voice; the soft and full tone; the correct delivery; the perfect piano and fine portamento, and other attributes to noble singing, as practised by Lind, Sontag, Persiani, Foder, Tadolini, and many others, are not taken into consideration. This style of singing is now seldom heard, and then by old singers, who speak only of Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini. The youthful, vigorous singers of modern days have only one name upon their lips, and that is "Verdi." Upon his operas rests the whole art of music as well for the present time as for the future, and for this reason many, under certain circumstances, sacrifice the remains of their voices, sometimes even their health and constitution. All are ambitious only to be called "Verdi-singers," and they claim this name with vain-glorious pride.

At my arrival in Milan, the voices of the singers were in their prime; and these produced, in several pieces from the *Travolta*, *Traviata*, etc., a momentary and generally an outward effect only. Occasionally, however, they made a very deep impression. But, in a few months, I saw them fade away, and become stiff and sharp, and void of all softness. And it is for this reason, I believe, that all voices in the theatre sound fatigued, and sung out, or rather screamed out. But I must here add, that Italian female voices generally have naturally a freer, more flexible, and fuller sound than those of other countries, especially of Northern Germany.

The German elements of singing have found hitherto but little sympathy in Lombardy. They will not recognize German music, even good piano music; and German songs and operas they will not hear. The professors and their pupils call them tedious and not worth the sacrifice of voice and time upon them, without effect, as they express it. The second and third-rate singers, of whom I heard many in the theatres in Lombardy, are truly horrible, and even a bearable *ensemble* is entirely out of the question. They have no attraction for the public, which consents to listen to them only when the *prima donna* endeavors to conquer the measures of Signor Verdi.

I have attended many singing-lessons; but never have heard a professor reprove the pupil for the most severe over-exertion of the voice, or the continual gasping for breath. On the contrary, I have frequently heard them encourage it; and custom also causes them to believe it a correct method. However, the opinion we in Germany have, that the operas of Verdi are not adapted to vocalization, does not rest on a sure foundation. Well-trained and perfect singers may be able to conquer them, and produce imposing and beautiful effects, which these operas, with a discreet orchestral accompaniment, frequently afford; and I think that the Italian public, in spite of the present abominable state of musical matters, could appreciate them.

To the above we have the testimony of still higher authority to add, which is no less than

Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT. The following are extracts from a private letter, which we have had for three years in our possession, and which we have hitherto refrained from making public, out of regard to the feelings of the writer, who, at that time professionally before the world, naturally wished to avoid all chance of exposing herself to misunderstanding and unpleasant feeling on the part of amateurs and artists of a school different from her own. But we are sure that no such ground for silence now exists, and at all events the *good that must be done* by such most timely words from such a source, is enough to plead here in extenuation of a possible breaking of the seal of confidence. We risk the sin, for it is of the letter only, not the spirit. The remarks were written, at our own suggestion, in fuller explanation of advice given to a talented young vocalist who went to Europe for improvement in her Art. We copy word for word from her own autograph, which as a piece of clear, vigorous and not ungraceful English composition, is creditable to a woman of fine intellect. The Italics are her own:

"If I might be permitted to offer a suggestion in regard to Miss —, it would be a recommendation to her not to go to Italy, as she has been advised by some friends to do. My humble opinion is, that the recently adopted method of Italian singing is not the most natural and healthy. The proof thereof is, that we see only a few singers in our days that know how to preserve their voice, having once been in Italy and there acquired the habit of forcing more sound out of their lungs than nature intended they should.

"I never went to Italy myself from that very reason. After having heard all the modern Italian singers, I was well convinced that *my* voice never would have been able to preserve its natural elasticity and its character of high soprano, had I undertaken to adopt the same forced style of singing as is now-a-days almost unavoidable in Italy by the frequent performances of Signor Verdi's operas. . . . His music is the most dangerous for all singing artists, and will continue so to be until the artists themselves will better understand their own interests, as well as that of the beauty of the art of singing, and refuse to sacrifice themselves to a composer, who by no means understands the exquisite beauty of the real Italian singing, that cannot be surpassed by any other nation.

"Miss — will find both in London and in Paris masters fully qualified to instruct her in all that is deemed requisite; and in the former city now lives the most distinguished singing master, Mr. Emanuel Garcia, who is in my opinion eminently qualified to understand and to develop her voice and talent.

"A year's residence in London or Paris will enable her to judge of the progress which she has made, and also the propriety of afterwards spending six months or one year in Germany, the *land of real music*, in which the true artist only can acquire the genuine stamp of Art. Germany offers perhaps less excellence for the singer, as a *singer*; for the German language is very hard to pronounce and often changes the character of the sound; for instance: the quality of tone in singing out the Italian word, *Dolore*, and the identic German word, *Schmerz*, will be found quite different in its result, and infinitely in favor of the former. But—to wish to become a good artist, with a good artistical conscience, and *not know Germany* and its musical masters, would indeed be as great a loss for the artist, as it would to the public, before whom he ought to wish to give a *right* impression.

"I know what Germany is to an artist, and, with all my veneration for the *true* Italian singing school,

I really believe that, unless I had taken the German music as the ground-work, my whole knowledge of Italian singing would never have satisfied me, and my musical faculties would have been undeveloped and unfruitful.

"What I therefore wish most earnestly to impress upon Miss —'s mind is, that she would try to combine *Italian song* and *German music*, the one being as necessary as the other;—that she would try to avoid *false pathos*, as the same law exists, to its fullest extent, in Art as in life;—that she be true to herself, try to find out the beauty of truth, as well in the simplest song as in the most difficult aria;—and the great secret will be hers,—the most powerful protector against envy and malice will be on her side."

These are words to be pondered. They are not one-sided, they are not unkind or prejudiced. Observe, the writer fully admits the paramount claims of the *true* Italian school, but doubts if the Italy of to-day be necessarily the right place to find it. "*Italian song* and *German music*"—there is the whole story in a nutshell. Form the voice, acquire the method, learn the pure, the natural *cantabile*, from the good old Italian traditions; but at the same time remember that, in *this* century at all events, Germany is the "land of real music," and seek to become baptized into the spirit of the great composers, the immortal HANDELS, MOZARTS and BEETHOVENS, as well as of the ROSSINIS and BELLINIS, or in these days the still more questionably exclusive spirit of the DONIZETTIS and the VERDIS.

Musical Correspondence.

[Extract from a private letter to the Editor.]

NEW YORK, SEPT. 28.—Last evening Mr. BRISTOW's "Original, American Grand Opera, Rip Van Winkle," was produced for the first time by the Pyne and Harrison troupe, under his direction. In the first and third acts the libretto follows Mr. Irving's legend with but little variation; the second act is a piece of invention, in which a continental officer (Mr. HARRISON), "made up" quite like the pictures of Washington, falls in love with Alice, Rip Van Winkle's daughter (Miss LOUISA PYNE); and the usual military manoeuvres are introduced for stage effect. The opera was very well put upon the stage; the scenery and costumes were uncommonly good; and if the public verdict is worth anything, the opera was decidedly successful.

Of the libretto not much can be said, only that it is by no means as senseless and ridiculous as are most of the Italian school. Probably Longfellow or Willis would have done better, but then no one expects poets to write librettos; such drudgery is left to verse-makers. The work is not, properly speaking, a *grand* opera, for much of the dialogue is spoken; a shabby practice, which I hope may go out of fashion. The charm is at once broken when the actor descends to the prosaic level of *talking*; and the opera in fact becomes merely a play, with music interspersed. The composer evidently aimed at producing a popular, and not a classical work. The melodies are light, resembling those of Auber, sometimes reminding one of the better class of native compositions, by some mis-called Ethiopian. Simple and graceful themes, set in stirring, strongly marked rhythms, keep the public feet in motion, and the public heart bounding with delight.

However the sincere devotee to Art may regard this popular success, still, as a believer in the English opera yet to come, I rejoice even at the production of works like this, because the public will learn in time that all inspiration was not given to the Italian and Teutonic races. If we are ever to have any national operas, they must be based upon our own language;

the union of intelligible, vigorous and attractive plays with kindred music.

As to the manner of performance of "Rip Van Winkle," not much can be said to Boston readers, who have heard this troupe so often. Miss LOUISA PYNE was as charming as ever; her sister filled her position creditably; Mr. Harrison was execrably out of tune as usual; but the new basso, Mr. STRETTON, was if possible, worse in every respect than his illustrious chief. The sweet voice and really brilliant execution of the prima donna seemed with the audience to atone for all the sins of her associates.

Musical Chat.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, after three and a half years absence from her Boston home, spent in the earnest and successful cultivation of her rich voice and artistic talent in the Old World, announces a Concert at the Music Hall this evening. We cannot doubt that she will receive the warmest welcome. Her antecedents are well known and such as to insure a deep interest in her. Her various talent, shown at an early age in the Museum theatre and elsewhere, her cheerful industry, intelligence and frank, generous nature; her remarkably rich contralto voice, self-taught at first to do good service, and afterwards, under the faithful and judicious training of Madame ARNOULT, cultivated to a point that made her a very acceptable concert-singer, all showed the capacity, under right conditions, of an artist. The warm interest of JENNY LIND, too, was enlisted, and following her advice, she studied for a year with GARCIA, who was more than satisfied with her progress. Of her subsequent successes in Italy, in the contralto rôles of Rossini's and other operas, we have all read. Miss Phillips's only regret is that circumstances did not enable her to spend also some time in Germany; but her musical studies have not been limited to one style or school of music; Garcia has taught her to know Gluck as well as Mercadante and Rossini, and her own taste is large and catholic. Should she be able to remain in her old home this winter, our higher kinds of concerts may be much enriched by her. At all events all musical Boston must be eager to listen to her voice to-night. She will have the assistance of Mr. HARRISON MILLARD and an orchestra under the direction of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN. She will sing a Rondo with variations from Meyerbeer's "Margaret of Anjou," a Barcarole by Paer (in the Venetian dialect), Rossini's *Una voce*, and duets from *Tancredi* and *Il Trovatore*, with Mr. Millard. The orchestra will play two overtures and other selections.

The forty nights of Italian Opera at the Academy of Music in New York, commenced on Monday with *Il Trovatore*, with Mme. LAGRANGE as Leonora, and Mlle. ALDIEL, a new and apparently much admired mezzo-soprano, as the gipsy Azucena; the other characters were cast as last year. On Wednesday *Linda* was performed, with Mme. LAGRANGE, Signorina MARTINI d'ORMY and Signori BRIGNOLI, MORELLI, ROVERE and GASPARONI in the principal parts. *Trovatore* again last night. Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* and *Prophète* are in preparation, to be brought out with great splendor; in these Miss ELISE HENSLOR is to take part. Mr. HARRISON MILLARD will not appear at the Academy before December, and then in *La Favorita*. Meanwhile we are glad that Boston still retains him as a concert-singer and a teacher, and we ask attention to his card in another column.

To the foreign engagements already mentioned, (CASTELLAN, SALVIANI, and CASPIANI), the Academy has now added (if report be true) that of ROGER, who is so great in Meyerbeer's operas, at a salary of \$5,000 per month. Speaking of salaries the *Courier and Enquirer* gives us the following authentic state-

ment of the necessary expenses of an Italian Opera in New York, based on the arrangements of last season:

Prima Donna, per month.....	\$1200 00
Do. Do. ".....	800 00
Second Do. ".....	100 00
First Tenor ".....	1200 00
2nd Do. ".....	250 00
Baritone ".....	1000 00
Bass ".....	600 00
2nd Do. ".....	200 00
Music, wardrobe and scenery, variable according to supply and novelty.....	250 00

Total per month.....	\$5,600
48 Orchestra, per week.....	600 00
36 Chorists.....	400 00
Leader.....	100 00
Prompter.....	20 00
Chorus Master.....	20 00
Stage Manager.....	37 50
Gas.....	100 00
Advertising and printing.....	250 00
12 Carpenters and Scene-shifters.....	70 00
40 Supernumeraries.....	75 00
Call Boy.....	3 00
Property-man and boy.....	18 00
2 Servants.....	12 00
Stage doorkeeper.....	8 00
2 Gas men.....	20 00
9 Ushers.....	27 00
3 Doorkeepers.....	13 50
3 Policemen.....	13 50
Treasurer and officer.....	60 00
Runner to press.....	6 00
3 Tailors.....	28 00
Bill-posting and distributing.....	20 00
Hair Dressers.....	10 00
Sweeper, Cleaners and Fireman.....	21 00

Total per week.....\$1932 50

This table of expenses, it will be seen, shows a monthly outlay of \$13,330; but it is still deficient in several important items, namely: the salaries of a contralto, (\$800,) another tenor, (\$1000,) another baritone, (\$800,) a second contralto, another second tenor, and a second baritone, (\$200 each,) all of which are necessary for the proper conduct of a season of Italian Opera, and which raise the expenditure to \$16,530 per month, exclusive of rent, interest and insurance.

The salaries of the Prima Donna and First Tenor it will be seen are rated at \$1,200 each per month; but Madame DE LAGRANGE and Signor MIRATE received last season three times that, or \$3,600 each per month, raising the monthly expenditure to \$21,330 per month, exclusive of rent, interest and insurance.

This statement is made the basis of an argument, and a pretty weighty one, against the demand for opera at low prices. It presents one side of the question exceedingly well, and we hope to find room for it all another time. We shall be glad also to hear the best that can be said upon the other side.

Mr. BRISTOW's new American opera, "Rip Van Winkle", has had a nightly run now of a week or more, and is really a popular success. A letter from a correspondent above will be read with interest. It agrees with the general tone of criticism in the New York papers, all of which pronounce it music of a light character, but of a good deal of merit in its way. FRV, of the *Tribune*, goes into a five column celebration of the event, with analysis of the work, seemingly fair, and interesting, much of which we would gladly have had room to copy this week. Meanwhile we clip the following testimony from a private letter from one of the first German artists, a leading man in classical music matters in New York, whose word could not be idle flattery. He writes us: "Bristow's new opera is in point of instrumentation excellent, and there are otherwise many good things in it. The work really does an American composer credit; it is the first one of the kind which has inspired me with respect. The plot is poorly arranged and some cuts and changes in the programme of the different pieces would be desirable." We are happy, by the way, to learn that Mr. Bristow has made his peace with the Philharmonic Society and returned into the arms of the "good old mother". So should it be; let true musicians meet upon the ground of Art, and cease the foolish quarrel about native and foreign!

Mr. HERMANN ECKHARDT, who announces his services in another column as a teacher in the higher branches of music, is one of our most able, thorough

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